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HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER

Beautiful Britain

Winchester

By
Rev. Telford Varley M.A. B.Sc.



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BY WILFRID BALL

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

Me lyketh ever, the lengere the bet
By Wyngester, that Joly citè.
The ton is god and well y-set ;
The folk is comely on to see ;
The aier is god both inne and oute,
The citè stent under an hille ;
The riverès renneth all aboute,
The ton is ruelèd upon skille.
Benedicamus Domino
Alleluia
Alleluia.

“WYNGESTER, that Joly citè,” the subject of this old fifteenth-century song, preserved among the de Walden MSS., is still, as it was then, the dominating and most attractive feature of Hampshire.

Apart indeed from the metropolis, there is no city in the land about which so many memories linger and so many wonderful historic associations are centred as Winchester. Here our history seems veritably to be a living reality—its wonderful

buildings, its stones and ruins, the soil beneath its surface, its municipal institutions, its quaint survivals,—these all breathe the same spirit, these are all redolent of a past, compared with which the middle ages seem no longer venerable, and Tudor and Stuart days but as yesterday. Go where you will in the city and you will find the influence of the past pervading all, whether in its ecclesiastical life, its stately historic Cathedral, its numerous and venerable parish churches; or in its judicial and administrative functions, its ancient Castle Hall—the veritable *Aula Regis* or King's Hall, where Parliaments assembled in the still embryonic days of representative rule, and where the King's *justiciars* have dispensed—and, alas, too often perverted—justice for century after century, and its unique municipal associations and civic dignity, the associations of a city that has been 'ruelèd upon skille,' it may be, full a thousand years; or in its great college, whose scholars, when crossing college quadrangle, still doff their caps to the Virgin, as they did 500 years ago—these are but a few of the aspects in which Winchester still breathes the spirit of the ages long expired. Where else, for instance, but in Winchester can we meet with

so many picturesque reminders of ancient feudal days, reminders which have survived, not because they are merely picturesque, but simply because here they have not outlived their usefulness or appropriateness — Cathedral Bedesmen, Brethren of St. Cross, Scholars of Wykeham's College, Almsmen of Beaufort's Order of Noble Poverty, Brethren of Christes Hospitall, Dignitaries of the Cathedral Close in their quaintly uncomfortable attire,—these and many more types are natural here, and it is part of the accepted order of things that they should be garbed still each in their characteristic and distinctive dress. Elsewhere such might excite remark, here they are part of the spirit which pervades the city. There is a rare haunting attractiveness about Winchester; in the Cathedral you may stand in the very bodily presence, as it were, of those chiefs and rulers of early Saxon days—Kynegils, the rude chieftain, whom Birinus the missionary first won over to listen to the gracious words of the Gospel message: Egbert, the great constructive statesman, who first brought together the scattered and disunited Teutonic elements in the land, and welded them into something like a nation: Cnut, the mighty Danish Emperor, who taught the lessons of Christian

humility first to himself and then to those around him, and who ruled here wisely, strongly, and greatly, as true an Englishman as ever stepped on Winchester soil, Dane though he was by birth and tradition—of these we may read, and of many another, and they are, as we read, perchance but dream-figures, shadowy phantoms, which flit across the page of history, and touch us no more than as heroes of myth or story—as Bevys of Hampton or that very King Arthur himself, whom legend, ever busy, serves to link in memory with Winchester itself. But here in the Cathedral, in the presence of their very dust,

Because things seen are mightier than things heard,

they assume a reality, an actual personality, which makes a direct appeal to each and all, and which seems to vibrate within the very recesses of the soul. Kynegils, Egbert, Cnut, these are names to conjure with indeed, but in Winchester we have an even greater than these. Here within Wolvesey Walls, first reared in Roman and Saxon days, we may tread where Alfred trod with Asser the Scribe and Plegmund the Archbishop, and where beneath his personal superintendence that wonderful book, the greatest record, after the Bible,

of national history ever executed—the *English Chronicle*—was first conceived, and then carried into being. Hard by the Cathedral avenue we may stand where he stood, deliberating with Grimbald the monk on the fashion of the great monastery, the *Newan Mynstre*, over whose destinies Grimbald was later on, as Alfred had appointed, to preside; and in the pathetic desolation of the fragments of Hyde Abbey, hard by the spot where his body was last laid to rest, we may feel ourselves standing, as it were, in the presence of the great King himself, even though, as of Moses of old, “no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.”

Beside memories as these, even William the Conqueror and Rufus seem relatively common, and William of Wykeham himself but an incident. Yet of these, too, Winchester has rare memories, such as would alone serve to invest her with dignity and attractiveness. Here on Winchester ears the first peals of Curfew rang, sounding almost like the despairing knell of every national aspiration: here through Winchester streets was Waltheof, the last hope of Saxon England, led out at early dawn to execution, ere Winchester citizens were astir: here Domesday Book was compiled: here Henry I. ruled, winning for himself the title,

the *Lion of Justice* : here Matilda fought with Stephen in the dark days of civil war and misrule : here John received the Papal absolution, having sank the English throne to a lower level than any other of our sovereigns could or would have dared to do : here Henry III. was born, and here he held wild revel : here William of Wykeham, the founder of English public schools, reared his noble college—these and many others pass across the stage of the pageant of Winchester history and enrich the wondrous spectacle. Henry VIII. and Charles V., Mary and Philip of Spain, Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh and James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, and the Merrie Monarch—the roll seems endless, and further enumeration might well be wearisome. And amid what a wondrous assemblage of less distinguished types do these leading personages, these kings and queens, statesmen and chancellors, bishops and cardinals, play their parts—rude Belgan tribesmen, Roman legionaries, Saxon berserkers, Danish vikings, thegns and barons, abbots and priors, merchants and gildsmen, friars and pilgrims. If historic associations can sanctify any spot in the land, surely Winchester must be sacred soil.

And this city, so venerable, so rich in associa-



WINCHESTER FROM ST. GILES'S HILL

tion, so honoured in its past, is above all equally fair and attractive to outward view, none, though comparison be odious, perhaps more so; and to see it as a whole we must make our way right down the picturesque High Street, past *Godbegot House*, as the ancient manor of *Godbiere* is called, and the old Market Cross, along by the *Pentice* or *Piazza* and the spacious Broadway, dominated by Thornycroft's noble statue of Alfred, and on past the spot where the east gate of the city formerly stood, and the long-since-vanished abbey of St. Mary, to whose revenue a portion of its tolls were devoted, out over the river, first spanned with a bridge by Swithun, the wise bishop and humble-minded saint, and then up the steep slope until, after a short but stiff climb, we gain the summit of St. Giles' Hill, with its memories of St. Giles and the wonderful fair held here for centuries in his honour. Six hundred years ago, had we clambered up here at any time during the earlier part of September, we should have found that we had left one city behind us below, only to find a busier and more crowded one above on the hill-top, and here within a wooden palisading we should have found folk of all peoples, nations, and languages—Englishmen, foreigners, Flemings, and Gascons,

Saxons and Genoese, Poles and Jews, all huckstering, chaffering, and gesticulating. To-day the hill is a quiet retreat, laid out attractively as a 'pleasaunce,' as mediæval phrase would have had it, and from it we may note the chief parts of the city below us. It is a beautiful picture of mingled red and grey that we see; the Cathedral, a mass of grey stone set with pinnacles and flying buttresses and heavy square tower dominates the view. To the left lies Wykeham's College, hidden partly behind the trees of the Close and Deanery garden, the light, graceful 'Two Wardens' Tower' of its chapel—a noticeable and attractive object—contrasting strikingly with the solid tower of the Cathedral, and almost between the two a green patch of meadow, with grey walls and ruins hard by, Wolvesey, with its memories of Alfred and the English Chronicle. Here Winchester Pageant was celebrated in glorious and fitting dignity in 1908. Far away beyond on the left is St. Cross, and close at our feet the modern and pretentious Guildhall, with its clock and the Alfred statue in the Broadway in front, and the gently curving line of the High Street, terminating at its far extremity in the West-gate.

CHAPTER II

SAXON WINCHESTER

FOR the beginnings of Winchester, we should have to go back to the early Belgan village in the river valley—Caer Gwent—and the great camp on St. Catherine's Hill dominating it, and to the walled Roman town Venta Belgarum, which succeeded to it. Save its name only—Venta Belgarum—of written record of the Winchester of those days we have none. Nor is there any definite record either for more than 200 years after Roman occupation had ceased to be effective. During these years—the days of King Arthur and his knights, who lived and fought and died at Camelot and Caerleon, and, as Geoffrey of Monmouth would fain persuade us, at Silchester and Winchester also—Pict and Scot, Jute and Angle and Saxon were fiercely contending for the Roman inheritance, and when at last some settled system had

developed, the earlier Celtic Briton had been driven far away, and the Teutons held the field.

In Hampshire two Germanic races had settled. The Jutes, or men of Jutland, the first Teutonic settlers in the land, had spread from Kent westward along the coast, and had conquered the Isle of Wight and occupied the part of the mainland opposite; and a Jutish tribe—the *Meonwara*—had settled along the easternmost valley in Hampshire—the Meon Valley—and up the Test they had also made their way, and had established a colony where Canterton Glen in the New Forest now stands, on that very spot where some 600 years after Rufus was to fall by Tyrrel's arrow. But side by side with the Jutes came a fiercer and more impetuous people—the *Gewissas* or *West Saxe*—under the leadership of Cerdic and Cynric his son, whose successive landings are recorded in the Chronicle, though it is hard to judge how far the record it contains of non-contemporary events at least 300 years old are worthy of any particular credence. But following the Chronicle we read of Cerdic and Cynric making an attack with five ships at *Cerdic's ore*—wherever that may have been. We read of successive raids and descents of these same chiefs, of alternate victories

and defeats, until in 519, at Charford (*Cerdic's ford*) on the Avon, the Britons were finally routed, and Cerdic made good his claim to be the first King of the West Saxons, ruling over a district probably largely conterminous with the limits of our own county. How Cynric extended this kingdom—how his forces, by advancing in succession along the great high roads, carved out first of all by the Romans, captured Old Sarum to the west, and then leading forth his savage hosts along the great Roman road leading from Winchester past Andover, he extended his conquests over Marlborough and far beyond to the north-west—would take us far too long. We may read the story, and a thrilling one it is, in Green's *Making of England*. So for some 120 years was Hampshire the centre of a fierce, heathen, West Saxon kingdom, and the Gospel light, which had at least been kindled in Roman days, was seemingly hopelessly extinguished, and that, too, even for some considerable time after 597, when Augustine had landed in Kent and after Christianity had become the acknowledged faith in numerous other parts of the land.

It is a noteworthy fact, and one which serves to show the extent to which at that time natural

barriers isolated the south-west of England from Kent and even London, that the stream of influence from Canterbury had, as it were, flowed by and left Wessex, Sussex, and Mercia untouched, and when at last Christianity did reach the West Saxons, it was by a special mission from Rome itself, headed by Bishop Birinus, and not from Canterbury at all that the Gospel message came. Sussex and Mercia received it later, and the Isle of Wight last of all. As a consequence of this, the See in its inception was independent, and indeed it was not till many years afterwards that the West Saxon diocese acknowledged the jurisdiction of Canterbury; and when in the twelfth century Bishop Henry of Blois was scheming to convert Winchester into an Archbishopric, with himself as Archbishop, he had at least an historical basis on which to rest his pretensions. For all this, the popular imagination has become so exclusively dominated by Augustine's mission, that Birinus is only now beginning to be 'discovered,' as it were, though his mission had results fully comparable with those of his great predecessor and fellow-pioneer *in partibus infidelium*. The story of Birinus as given by Bede may be rendered thus :—

At that time (A.D. 634, *English Chronicle*), during the reign of King Kynegils, the race of West Saxons, anciently termed Gewissas, received the faith of Christ, which was preached to them by Birinus, who had come to Britain at the instance of Pope Honorius. His intention had indeed been to proceed direct into the heart of the land of the Angles, where as yet no teacher had penetrated, in order there to sow the seeds of the faith; for which purpose, and by direction of the Pope himself, he was consecrated Bishop by Asterius, Bishop of Genoa. But on arrival in Britain, and coming in contact first of all with the Gewissas, he found them everywhere to be in a state of the grossest heathenism, and so he considered it to be more profitable to preach the Word to them, rather than to go farther to seek a field to labour in.

Birinus found Kynegils, not at Winchester, but at Dorchester on the Thames, near Oxford, and in the following year Kynegils was baptized; but Bede's narrative implies that Birinus himself visited Winchester and dedicated a Christian church there, for he tells us that Birinus placed his Bishop's 'stool' at Dorchester, and after years of strenuous labour,

having erected and dedicated many churches, and having by his pious ministrations called many unto the Lord, he departed himself to Him and was buried in that city (*Dorchester*), and many years after, by the instrumentality of Bishop Hædda (*Bishop from 676 to 703 A.D.*), his body was translated to the city of Venta and placed in the church of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul (*which he had himself dedicated*).

The Chronicle informs us that it was not Kynegils himself who erected this Christian church, but Kenwalh or Kenulphus his son, in A.D. 648, five years after his father's death. But we may fairly regard both Kynegils and Kenwalh as "pious benefactors" of the church and diocese. The little church of St. Peter and St. Paul, rudely constructed and possibly roofed with thatch, which Kenwalh erected and Birinus dedicated, has long since disappeared, and more than one goodly fane has since been erected on its site; yet in those successive cathedral churches the remains of Kynegils and Kenwalh have both been cherished, and they are traditionally preserved in two of the beautiful mortuary chests above the side screens of the choir. The inscription on the ceiling under the Cathedral tower,

Sint Domus Hujus Pii Reges Nutritii, Reginae Nutrices
Piae

May pious kings be the nursing fathers, and pious queens
the nursing mothers, of this church,

becomes instinct with meaning, with the memories of Kynegils and Kenwalh.

But if Kynegils did not found the church, he at least endowed it, for he erected a monastery at



THE WEIRS, WINCHESTER

Winchester, and endowed it with all his lands for several miles round Winchester—an endowment all the more memorable, as part of this land in and round the adjoining parish of Chilcomb has remained in continuous possession of the Church ever since, and is now held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to whom it was handed over in 1899 by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester, the successors in direct line of the first religious community, that of St. Peter and St. Paul, which Kynegils established here.

The period of forty odd years after Birinus landed is a leading landmark in Winchester and Hampshire history. In 634 Birinus lands; in 635 he converts Kynegils; Kynegils founds a monastery at Winchester and dies, 643; Kenwalh erects a Christian church, 648. For thirty years or so Dorchester possesses the Bishop's stool, but in 676 Bishop Hædda transfers his 'stool' to Winchester, and with it the bones of the first Bishop, St. Birinus. From this time also the first notice of the modern name of the city dates, for Bede refers to it as being then "the city of Venta, called by the Saxon people '*Vintan-ceastir*,'"—that is, Venta the fortified, implying that the Roman defences round the city were still in existence, and definitely establishing

the identity and unbroken existence of the city since Roman days. And now in a continually increasing flood of historical light we can trace the fortunes of the city and county onwards without a break down to the present day.

For the next century and a half there is little in Winchester history to detain us. Among the Kings of Wessex there is but one of note—Ina the great lawgiver, who ultimately abandoned his royal state and adopted the religious life. With the opening years of the ninth century, however, comes the heroic figure of Egbert—Egbert the determined warrior and wise statesman, who had learnt the art of governing men at the Court of Charlemagne, and who became King of Wessex in A.D. 802. At Charlemagne's Court Egbert had 'seen things'; his master mind bore down the opposition of all the neighbouring states, and in 827, at a Witan held in Winchester, he proclaimed himself King of a united realm—Angle-land. So Winchester became alike the birthplace and the capital of England, and capital of the land Winchester remained for fully 300 years. Egbert's remains are preserved in the Cathedral in the same mortuary chest as those of Kenwalh.

A great reign and a great ruler—nay, more, the

founder of a great line of kings. They were great men these men of Egbert's line who followed him; each in turn—Æthelwulf, Alfred, Edward, Athelstan—did royal service and made Hampshire and England alike great. The chief relics remaining of Æthelwulf are the charters he granted. Inclination and upbringing had made him a priest, birth and the claims of his country made him a king; in each capacity he played the man. Munificent, as became a Churchman, were his gifts to Holy Church. He granted to her one-tenth of all the royal lands, a grant often since described, though erroneously, as a grant of tithe. The deed of gift was executed in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, in the presence of the Witan, and laid in solemn earnestness on the altar. The original may still be seen in the British Museum, where it is preserved. And now the Danish peril, with which the land had long been threatened, became acute. Up Southampton Water the Northmen came, over and over again. They attacked Hampton (as Southampton then was called), they ravaged the coasts. Æthelwulf died. The attacks steadily increased, until in 860 they burned Hampton and sacked Winchester itself. It is a satisfaction to think that they did not get off scot free, “for Osric

the Earldorman with the men of Hampshire and of Berkshire put them to flight, and had possession of the place of carnage." It is uncertain whether the Cathedral was burned or not. Swithun had built a high wall round the monastery, and there is reason to believe this saved it and the church also. One would like to believe that Swithun was permitted before he died to see the benefit his wise foresight had conferred upon his cathedral and his canons. Still the gloom deepened. Year after year was spent in incessantly fighting against the Danes, and when Alfred was called to the throne in 871, it was over a blackened capital and over subjects whose piteous daily prayer—

"From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us"—

seemed almost the last expression of despair.

To others the struggle seemed in vain, but not to him. A fugitive in hiding, his thegns dispersed, his land ravaged and despoiled, he never lost heart, and his restoration was as dramatic as his exile. In 878, barely five months after all had seemed lost, victory was his, peace was restored, and Dane and Saxon were dwelling in more or less amicable agreement on either side of Watling Street. So the danger

passed, and Winchester saw Alfred devoting himself to reconstructing the shattered fabric of the nation. Throughout the land he reared *Burhs* or stockaded towns as security against attacks by land. To control the sea he built a navy of ships "full nigh twice as large, swifter, and steadier, and higher" than the *æscas* or longships of the Vikings. At his Court of Wolvesey he pursued the conquests of peace. Scholars and holy men, explorers, lovers of learning, all flocked hither. Asser of Wales, Archbishop Plegmund, Grimbald of Flanders—these were his associates. He made laws, he encouraged learning, he translated into the vernacular books of devotion and philosophy, and above all he commenced the *English Chronicle*, that wonderful thesaurus of national history of which a very early copy, made in Winchester, may still be seen in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. His last work he left unfinished—the erection of the *Newan Mynstre* at Winchester. He had planned it, purchased the site, and chosen Grimbald as first abbot, when death overtook him, and he was laid to rest with his father and grandfather in the *Ealden Mynstre*—the old Minster—as the Cathedral now began to be called.

His son Edward the Elder completed his father's work. He reconquered the *Dane-lagh*,

and made the realm one again. He built the Newan Mynstre, and thither King Alfred's remains were translated, as the *Liber de Hyda* tells us,

Cum apparatibus regali magnificentia dignis.

With solemn pomp befitting his royal state.

Here by his side a few years later his queen, Alswitha, who had herself founded a nunnery in Winchester—*Nunna Mynstre*, or St. Mary's Abbey—was laid to rest; and here beside his parents was Edward the Elder himself in due time buried.

And now with its three important monasteries, its royal Court at Wolvesey, its royal enactments, and its Witans, Winchester developed apace. Athelstan succeeded Edward, and Edred, Edmund; Edwy in turn succeeded him. Edred was buried in the old Minster, Edwy the Inglorious in the new, and a reign of peace and prosperity opened—the reign of Edgar the Peaceable and the Magnificent.

For Winchester it was almost a climax of prosperity. The monkish chroniclers have painted Edgar in glowing colours: they sang his virtues, his magnificence, his piety, his love of Holy Church;

they spoke of him as a second Solomon, and the comparison was in its way not inapt, for like Solomon he enjoyed peace and loved display, like Solomon he suffered his private life to drag him to a low level, and like Solomon he left a son behind him who was to see the kingdom rent asunder and a better than he bearing sway in it. But it is neither Edgar, who with all his faults ruled wisely, nor Æthelred of Worthless Counsel, who with all his vices did not, who are the interesting figures of the Winchester of that day; neither is it the great Dunstan himself, of whom we get fleeting glances—Dunstan the great Archbishop, the master-mind of his time, in whose hands the would-be masterful and imperious King was indeed but as clay unto the potter, little though he realised it. It is Æthelwold, the great Bishop—Æthelwold the Saint and Revivalist, Æthelwold the Builder and Lover of Learning—who is the dominating figure. For Æthelwold did more than leave his mark on Winchester—he transformed it. The days of Danish inroad and ruin had left the monasteries at a very low ebb; the common monastic life and the Benedictine rule had all but disappeared, and non-resident canons, or ‘seculars’ as they were called, had become the established order of things.

Dunstan and Æthelwold set themselves to revive the monastic orders, and to replace the canons by monks who lived a strict and celibate life in common. Bitter was the canons' opposition to this disturbance of their comfortable habits; but Æthelwold carried his point, and as they refused to do his bidding he dispossessed them, for which they endeavoured to poison him—so it is said. And with Æthelwold's new monks came new zeal. He established a scriptorium in each monastery, and Winchester became the centre of an unrivalled school of MS. illumination. The MS. treasures of Æthelwold's monks may be seen still in the British Museum, in Winchester Cathedral Library, at the Bodleian, and at Rouen. Loveliest of all is the priceless *Benedictional of St. Æthelwold*, the glory of the Chatsworth Collection, a MS. of rare beauty and unusual interest, for it preserves for us the figure and features of St. Æthelwold himself, as well as some of the architectural details of the new cathedral which he erected.

And Æthelwold's cathedral was the finest in the land—one of the wonders of his age. *Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit*. Fortunately contemporary records of his time are abundant, and Precentor Wulfstan has left a full account of this



TOWER OF COLLEGE CHAPEL, WINCHESTER

glorious building, of its crypts, its windows, its organ, and the wonderful weathercock which crowned the domed and gilded roof of one of its towers—all recorded for us, with rarely interesting details, in strong and rugged elegiac verses. Nor was the new cathedral all, or even most—Æthelwold gave Winchester a new saint. Swithun, the pious and humble-minded Bishop of Egbert's and Æthelwulf's days, had been interred among the obscure and unknown in the burial garth outside the old Minster. Æthelwold raised the remains, enshrined them in a splendid shrine, and translated them with great solemnity into the church. So the monastery became dedicated to a new saint, and as the Priory of St. Swithun it was henceforth to be famous for some 600 years. The characteristic legend of Swithun and the rain developed in after ages. Certain it is historically that no untoward climatic conditions interrupted the solemnities of that great translation. The popularity of the new saint was assured from the beginning, and, as Rudborne the monk quaintly and naïvely tells us, "as long as canons held the church at Winchester there were no miracles performed, but no sooner were they ejected and replaced by monks than miracles were wrought abundantly." Doubtless Rudborne

was right. At all events, crowds of pilgrims thronged to Winchester, and St. Swithun became the most popular saint in the land.

But Æthelwold's work was not even yet over. The monastery was not healthy, and he rebuilt much of it. More important than all, he transformed the channels of Itchen, and brought its purifying waters through the city and the monastery by fresh courses.

As Precentor Wulfstan records for us —

hucque
Dulcia piscosae flumina traxit aquae
Successusque laci penetrant secreta domorum
Mundantes totum murmure coenobium.

Hither Æthelwold leads the fishful waters refreshing,
And murmurs of mingling streams pervade the recesses monastic.

Such was Æthelwold. In 984 he died, and was buried in the crypt of the cathedral he had reared. There are few greater among the founders of Winchester than he.

And now trouble was in store. Æthelred the Redeless succeeded his murdered step-brother, and sat on the throne of Edgar—a man worthless and sapless, a man indeed of worthless counsel. We pass him by, but we cannot pass by his Queen, Emma, daughter of Richard Duke of Normandy, the beautiful, fascinating, and designing woman, whom



CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, WINCHESTER

for her beauty the Saxons called *Ælfgyfu Emma*—Emma the gift of the Elves—whom Æthelred wedded at Winchester in 1002. A rare personality Ælfgyfu Emma, but not a pleasing one. “I governed men by change, and so I swayed all moods,” she might have said of herself. The wife of two successive kings, and the mother of two more, she is for fifty years, and during four successive reigns, a central figure in Winchester history, for Æthelred, on the day he married her, presented Winchester and Exeter to her as her “morning gift,” or marriage present; and when he died, Cnut the Dane, who ruled in Winchester over the great Scandinavian Empire of Northern Europe, wedded her in turn. After Cnut’s death, Harold, Cnut’s son, persecuted her and despoiled her of her treasure. Edward the Confessor, her own son, did the same. We would fain linger longer over her picturesque career, of the story of the red-hot ploughshares, and her other doings. She “sat” or kept her Court at Winchester for many years as the “Old Lady,” the beautiful Saxon phrase for Queen Dowager,—a wonderful career indeed. One association with her in Winchester merits indeed some fuller notice, the little manor of *Godbiete*, of which the charming Tudor building,

Godbegot House, fronting the High Street, both recalls the name and occupies the site. Queen Emma granted it to the prior and convent of St. Swithun "Toll free and Tax free for ever." And so within the liberties of Godbiere a sanctuary or Alsatia developed right in the heart of the city, where those obnoxious to the law might shelter and defy its terrors. For "no mynyster of ye Kinge nether of none other lords of franchise shall do eny execucon wythyn the bounds of ye seid maner, but all only ye mynystours of ye seid Prior and Convent"¹—a rarely suggestive illustration of mediæval life and method.

Cnut died in 1036, Emma in 1052. Both were buried in the old Minster, and their bones are mingled together still in one of the Cathedral mortuary chests, already referred to above—*Requiescant in pace.*

Of Saxon Winchester there is little more to say; Edward the Confessor's rule in Winchester need not detain us. In 1066 a new chapter opens for Winchester with the dawn of greater things, and a Norman ruler to direct them.

¹ Court Roll of 1538 in the Cathedral Library, quoted in Dean Kitchin's *Winchester*.

CHAPTER III

NORMAN WINCHESTER

OUTWARDLY Winchester retains to-day little impress of the great Saxon period which first made her so prominent. The Norman conquest was not an occupation merely, it was a deluge. It swept away existing landmarks. Buildings, land tenures, laws, language, all disappeared, and such visible traces as still remain of the earlier Saxon civilisation are like the original characters in a parchment palimpsest—though the earlier script has at first sight been expunged, its faint outlines may still be traced in the background on which the later record is inscribed. Saxon Winchester only appears here and there still in indistinctly discernible fragments, but Norman Winchester remains and dominates the city still, and of Norman Winchester first and foremost we have the Cathedral. To Saxon ideas, crude and limited, Æthelwold's building had seemed

as a vision of the Holy City itself; to the Norman it appeared poor, dwarfed, and inadequate. Accordingly Walkelyn, the first Norman Bishop whom William appointed to succeed the irregular and uncanonical Stigand, set to work immediately on a new cathedral church, which in its general outline and conception remains the cathedral of to-day. In site and historical continuity, in the dust of the early kings which it preserved, in the shrines of the saints which it displayed to the devout, it was still the historic cathedral of the Saxon capital; but it had burst, as it were, its chrysalis bonds, and had spread its wings out upward and heavenward, free and uncontrolled. Of Æthelwold's building we have the crypt and nothing more. The Cathedral as we see it to-day is the church of the Norman and Angevin bishops—of Walkelyn and Godfrey de Lucy, transformed in Plantagenet days by Edyngton, Wykeham, and Beaufort, adorned by Silkstede, Fox, and many others. Walkelyn's cathedral was a typical Norman building, which in the disposition of its parts reflected a symbolism as well as a harmony. Its cruciform shape, the triple repetition of recurring elements—nave, choir, transepts in the plan, nave, triforium, clerestory



TOWER OF AMBULATORY, HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, WINCHESTER

in the elevation,—each bore witness to the central doctrines of the Christian faith—in its very conception it was in some sort a creed or profession of faith in stone. What the general character of the interior was may be gathered in part from the north and south transepts, where the Norman masonry remains practically untouched, or better still, from the nave of present-day Chichester. It reflected at once calmness, dignity, and strength—the dignity of a strength conscious of a burden indeed, but self-reliant and adequate to the task. It is no light burden that those giant pillars hold aloft, nor do they support their burden joyously or even with ease—each one is rather an Atlas bearing his load strongly and uncomplainingly, but needing to put forth all his powers in the effort.

The present limits of the Cathedral are not, however, the limits of Walkelyn's building, for Godfrey de Lucy, Bishop in Richard I.'s reign, extended it eastward, adding the retro-choir, a contrast in its beautiful early English arcading, graceful columns, and lancet windows with the heavier pillars and semicircular arches of Walkelyn's work—an extension which, owing to the insufficient foundation on which he built, was in part at least responsible for the insecure condition of

the Cathedral fabric a few years ago, to remedy which the recent wonderful repair operations were rendered necessary. But of this later. Godfrey de Lucy's object was to provide accommodation for the ever-increasing numbers of pilgrims who crowded to Winchester to pray at the shrine of St. Swithun, but whose general lack of personal cleanliness made them unwelcome guests at too close quarters. Admitted by a door in the north transept—the Pilgrim's Door, now walled up,—they had access to retro-choir, north transept, and ambulatory—they could visit the shrine and peep within the choir, but that was all the monks admitted them to. Iron gates barred their further access, and nave, choir, and the domestic parts of the monastery were closed against them. In Edward III.'s reign came the transformation of nave and aisles—a daring work begun by Bishop Edyngton, and completed by William of Wykeham, almost equal in magnitude to the reconstruction of the fabric itself. Edyngton's work may be seen in the aisle windows at the extreme west of the building; Wykeham's lighter, narrower, and more graceful windows occupy the remainder. The columns near the choir steps, where the transformation is not complete, show us in some measure how



KING'S GATE, WINCHESTER

the change was effected, partly by pulling down and rebuilding, partly by cutting away from the face of the columns. The general result was to impart gracefulness, lightness, and an added sense of height. The triforium was removed bodily, and the triple series of Norman arches in the elevation were thrown together into a single range of light, lofty, Perpendicular Gothic arches, surmounted by smaller Perpendicular windows serving as clerestory. Triforium proper no longer exists, but a continuous narrow balcony along both sides of the nave takes its place. The impressiveness and beauty of the effect thus produced it is impossible to describe. As you enter at the west end the majesty of the whole silences and uplifts you—a forest almost of lofty shafts and pillars rising unbroken and towering overhead, where they branch out and interlace in the beautiful intricacy of the fan tracery of the roof. It is not without appropriateness that Wykeham and Edyngton both lie buried here in the beautiful chantry chapels which they respectively erected between the pillars on the south side of the nave.

Of the building of the roof we have an interesting story. Walkelyn's resources were strained to the full, and timber for it was an urgent need. He

applied accordingly to the Conqueror for a grant of timber, and received permission to take from one of his woods—Hempage Wood, near Avington, five miles from Winchester—as much timber as he could fell and cart away within three days. “Make hay while the King smiles” was the Bishop’s maxim. He collected a whole army of wood-cutters, carters, and teams of horses, and in three days removed every timber tree in the wood, leaving one oak only, the so-called ‘Gospel oak’ under which tradition reported Augustine to have once preached. Unwarranted as the tradition appears to have been, it served to protect the tree, which still stands, moribund if not absolutely dead, an interesting relic of Walkelyn and of our Cathedral. When William discovered what a sweep the Bishop had made of his wood he was furious, and was only with difficulty appeased. “If I was too liberal in my grant, so you were too exacting in the use you made of it,” he said when at length he readmitted the Bishop to his presence. Many of these original beams, or tree-trunks rather, remain still, though some have had to be replaced in recent years, owing to the destructiveness of a grub—the grub of the *Sirex gigas*—which has in places eaten them through and through. Curios made of this so-

called Cathedral oak—though by the by much of it is chestnut—have been largely sold for the benefit of the Cathedral repair fund.

In one sense the retro-choir of Godfrey de Lucy—with its later extensions—is, architecturally speaking, the most interesting part of the Cathedral. It presents wonderful variety, and contains specimens of practically every stage of architectural development since de Lucy's day. But the general effect, it must be confessed, is rather a confused medley of seemingly haphazard or tentative constructions, and the piecemeal character of its separate parts deprives it of the dignity which comes from a complete and harmonious whole. For instance, the east wall of the south transept presents three windows, all altered from the original Norman, and each entirely different in character from its neighbours. Yet this very want of harmony is strangely eloquent. This eastern end of Winchester Cathedral is not an architect's cathedral, so to speak, one complete unbroken design like Salisbury, rather is it a document in stone—a deed to which many participants have affixed their sign manual, each in his characteristic writing, and bearing the direct impress of his personality.

And what rare and striking solemnities have

these venerable walls witnessed : the coronations of kings, the marriages and burials of princes, the consecration of bishops—all these and many another solemn rite have been celebrated within them. Subject and king, soldier and priest, prelate and statesman, their silent dust moulders in honour here. Within this great Winchester Valhalla their monuments meet your eye at every turn, the glories of their memory are here enshrined, as in a casket preserving priceless treasures. Among this wealth of historical and architectural interest three special objects must be singled out for separate notice, the chantry chapels, the reredos, and the mortuary chests. The chantry chapels are gems of beauty, and enshrine the mortal remains as well as the memories of six notable men who governed the See, Edyngton, Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, Fox, and Gardiner. Three charming miniature figures placed in effigy at Wykeham's feet preserve the memories of the three chantry monks who ministered here in their patron's day. Beaufort's chantry, less beautiful than Wykeham's, is wonderfully suggestive. How eloquently the recumbent effigy of the dead cardinal seems to recall the strong man who desired power so earnestly, and could dare greatly in the struggle

to possess it. Those rigid hands, now clasped meekly in prayer, betoken a humility and repose which their owner when in life probably never enjoyed, perhaps never even desired. Waynflete's chantry recalls also a notable career. Headmaster of Winchester College, he was chosen by Henry VI. to become the first headmaster of his new foundation of Eton, from which position he became soon after Provost of Eton, and finally Bishop of Winchester. No less than three, indeed, who rest in these chantries were founders of Oxford colleges—Wykeham founded New ; Waynflete, Magdalen ; and Fox, Corpus. Winchester, from whose loins Eton sprang, can almost claim Oxford as well as one of her offspring.

Architecturally each chantry marks a step forward in development of style, and registers the successive stages in the rise, culmination, decline, and death of Perpendicular Gothic. It is instructive in this connection to compare the chantries of Wykeham and of Gardiner.

Perhaps the loveliest architectural gem in the Cathedral is the great altar screen. Here we have Perpendicular Gothic at its very best, rich in effect, yet in perfect taste, without the least suggestion of the florid or the bizarre, the detail so varied, the

execution so delicate. The statuary is modern, but is beautifully executed and in perfect keeping—a somewhat unusual excellence—with the original work. It would be hard to meet with so illustrative and remarkable a series of Christian saints and examples as are here shown in effigy grouped round the Saviour's figure. The four Archangels, the Virgin and St. John, St. Paul and St. Peter, doctors like Jerome, teachers like Ambrose, Christian missionaries like Birinus, bishops like Swithun, Æthelwold, Wykeham, and Wolsey, all are here. Among sovereigns we have Egbert, Alfred, Cnut, and Queen Victoria. Others of note are Earl Godwine, Izaak Walton, Ken, and Keble. Many of these lie actually buried within the Cathedral walls, many have left their mark stamped inseparably and honourably alike on the national as on the city history. Where in England, apart from Westminster Abbey, can a like series be found?

But of all the historic memorials none is capable of so profoundly stirring the imagination as the six beautiful mortuary chests placed above the side screens of the choir. Bishop Fox built those screens and placed the mortuary chests above them in the days when Perpendicular

Gothic was already passing away, for while the details of the lower portion begin in Gothic, they end in Renaissance work in the frieze above. Consider what associations the inscriptions upon those chests recall. Kynegils and Kenwalh, Egbert and Æthelwulf, Cnut and Emma, Rufus—we have read some of their story already. You can discover no such names anywhere else in the land, even in Westminster itself, and underneath are other significant names too—Harthacnut, son of Cnut and Emma: Richard, son of the Conqueror, slain by violence in the New Forest, as was his brother Rufus: Duke Beorn, murdered by Sweyn, son of Godwine,—names which mark the reality of history, and help us to feel the touch of the ages long expired.

The majority of the bishops of Winchester have been buried within these walls. Some, and among them some of the most famous, have no visible sign to mark their tomb. Birinus, Swithun, Æthelwold, Walkelyn, Henry of Blois, are all thus undistinguished. There are many of the others too whom we should like to linger over. Peter de Rupibus, for instance, the evil genius of Henry III.'s reign, and Ethelmar or Aymer, the absentee Bishop, who died in Paris, but whose heart was

brought hither for interment at his own request—a singular whim, as in life his affections seemed to have been centred anywhere but here. He is represented in effigy in the attitude of prayer, and holding his heart between his hands. In striking contrast to these are monuments to Bishops Morley, Hoadley, Samuel Wilberforce, and Harold Brown.

Nor are these all, or even most, though we dare not linger much longer. Dr. Warton's monument, College Boys "up to books," curiously interesting in its details of school-boy dress of the day, is by Flaxman. Appealing to a wider circle are two flat slabs of stone, one in Prior Silkstede's chapel, one in the north aisle. The former bears the name Izaak Walton, the latter Jane Austen. Truly Winchester Cathedral is a city of the mighty dead.

We cannot leave the Cathedral without a word about the wonderful repair works, which time and insecure foundations recently rendered imperatively necessary, and which have now been successfully completed.

These wonderful operations consisted of systematic underpinning of walls and buttresses, and as much of the work had to be carried out under water varying in depth from six to fourteen feet, a

diver was employed to lay down concrete, section after section, at the base of the new foundations, after which, by the aid of powerful pumps, the water was temporarily drawn off while the work of underpinning was going on. The employment of divers to lay foundations for a building 800 years old would appear a fantastic absurdity:—Winchester Cathedral has actually realised it.

Externally the Cathedral is grand and striking, but hardly beautiful. The West Front is flat and lacking in interest; the long, straight roof of the Nave is monotonous; but the lime avenue, the greensward of the churchyard, the Deanery, and the houses in the Close, all are alike attractive, serene, dignified. The cloisters and the convent buildings lay on the south; practically nothing now remains of these save the Pilgrims', or Guesten, Hall, the glorious old Close Wall, the great gate, and the little church of St. Swithun—perched above King's Gate. A strange fate has swept aside prior and sub-prior, convent and monk, but St. Swithun's Church, where the lay brethren, too humble to be admitted to the great church of the convent itself, gathered together to worship, has been left intact.

We have wandered far away from the Conqueror and his times, but there is still much of him to be

gleaned in modern Winchester; for Winchester was dear to the Norman Conqueror. The woodlands all round it, with their unequalled opportunities for the chase, appealed to his love of hunting, the proximity to Normandy made it a natural capital, and its historic prestige flattered his sense of pride; nor could a keen-sighted ruler, as was the Conqueror, be insensible to the advantage accruing to his authority in ruling over a Saxon realm in the ancient capital of his Saxon predecessors. He built a residence for himself close to what is now the Square, a residence of which here and there remains can be seen in the Norman details and cavernous cellars of the buildings adjoining. For this purpose he deprived the monks of Newan Mynstre of part of their site, and so hemmed them in, that later on, in Henry I.'s reign, they got permission to remove their abbey to Hyde, beyond the city walls; and so, some half century after, Hyde Abbey came to be erected, and in this way the bones of Alfred and of his Queen were given fresh burial. More important still, William erected on the high ground facing the south-west angle of the city a strong Norman keep or castle, a castle which was to have a long and picturesque history, and was to dominate



CHEYNEY COURT AND CLOSE GATE, WINCHESTER

Winchester for 550 years, till Cromwell pointed his cannon against it and 'slighted' or razed it to the ground.

William's rule in Winchester was marked by important social changes. The picturesque developments associated in the popular imagination with his reign—the Feudal System, the Curfew ordinance, Domesday Book, and the New Forest—all have their strong echo in Winchester or at least in Hampshire. Of the New Forest we cannot speak here.

It was at Winchester that Curfew was first ordained and first rung; and it has rung here ever since. For years it rang from the tower of the little church in Godbiote Manor, *St. Peter's in Macellis*—St. Peter's in the Shambles—then after that from the old Guildhall—the Hall, that is, of the *Gild Merchant of Winchester*; and here it is rung still. To Saxon ears it bore a note of despair: it seemed the knell of every national aspiration. Yet in towns, crowded like Winchester of old with wooden structures roofed with thatch, it was probably as much a measure of wise municipal regulation as political in character. To us it is a quaint survival and nothing more.

Domesday Book was dreaded and disliked even

more than Curfew. To us it seems a measure of wisdom, too—the compilation of an accurate census and survey of the military strength of the country. To the Saxon subjects of the Conqueror it spelled only the relentless exactness with which the wheels of his government were destined to “grind exceeding small.” “It spareth no man,” says Rudborne, “just like the great day of doom.” The records of this great survey were kept at Winchester; hence its real name, *Rotulus Wintoniensis*, or the Roll of Winchester, and alternatively *Rotulus Regis*, the King’s Book. No other city in the world can claim to have given birth to two such incomparable records of contemporary national history as the English Chronicle and the Domesday Book. The original Domesday Book is now kept in the Record Office.

The last great memory of the Conqueror’s reign is the execution of Waltheof. Poor Waltheof, like Saul of old, striking and tall, and goodly to look on, but unfit to keep his head above the wild waters of fate and political strife. In his weakness William disdained him, in his popularity William feared him, and so, denounced by his treacherous Norman wife, he was condemned and led out to execution on St. Giles’s Hill at early dawn, while

no man knew what was being done. He was praying the Lord's Prayer when the headsman raised his axe, and at the words, "Lead us not into temptation," the axe descended; but as the severed head fell from the now lifeless trunk, the lips were still seen to be moving, and the words, "But deliver us from evil," were distinctly heard. Such is the account given of Waltheof's end.

Wherever we turn in Winchester we are confronted by some striking reminder of the genius and energy of its Norman rulers. William the Conqueror, Rufus, and Henry I., Lanfranc, Anselm, Bishop Walkelyn and his great successor Bishop Henry of Blois, King Stephen and the Empress Matilda,—all these and more have left their story written in present Winchester life or on present Winchester walls. Rufus granted the charter for the great Fair of St. Giles already referred to, originally held for three days. Later kings extended it, till at length it lasted for sixteen, and during this time all traffic in merchandise was suspended at Winchester and for some ten miles round, except within the limits of the Fair. The profits were a privilege of the Bishop of Winchester, and were originally applied to the building of the

Cathedral. Palm Hall, a well-known residence on St. Giles's Hill, is a latter-day corruption of *Pavilionis Aula*, the Bishop's Pavilion Hall, where his bailiffs administered rough justice while the Fair was in progress. Among the useful deeds, and they were few, which Rufus performed, the granting of this charter, as it helped forward the new Cathedral so much, may fairly be reckoned. Strange retribution! for not many years after it was to that very Cathedral that his own body was destined to be borne for burial, blood-stained and on a humble forest-cart; and when some years later the Cathedral Tower fell upon his tomb, men whispered that it was the wickedness of an evil king, and not structural weakness, which brought about the fall. Rufus's Tomb, so called, is probably a misnomer; his bones, as already related, are traditionally preserved, along with those of Cnut and Emma, in one of the mortuary chests.

And so our retrospect of early Norman days closes. Our race owes them much—

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we—

and to each we bear some filial debt. Of this remarkable *tria juncta in una* Winchester is the finest exemplar in the land.



THE DEANERY, WINCHESTER

CHAPTER IV

WOLVESEY—THE COLLEGE—ST. CROSS— THE ROUND TABLE

And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester prefers,
Whose ould Round Table yet she vaunteth to be hers.

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*.

FROM the Cathedral one turns naturally to Wolvesey—Wolvesey with its wonderful grey stone walls, its memories of Saxon and Norman, Plantagenet and Stuart times. Here Alfred kept his Court, with all the learned men of his time around him; here the English Chronicle was first compiled; and here, above that very Wolvesey wall, it may be, the Danish pirates captured in the Solent were hanged—as will be related in due course—in retributive justice. But the big blocks of ruins in Wolvesey Mead are of later date; they recall to us the career of one of the most notable Bishops of Winchester, Henry of Blois, King

Stephen's brother, bishop from 1129 to 1171, a masterful man and a scheming politician, but high-minded withal, and intensely loyal to Holy Church. His leading scheme was to elevate the dignity of his diocese—and with it his own—by making it an archbishopric, and the Pope, who had made him Papal Legate, favoured the plan. To strengthen himself he fortified his dwelling at Wolvesey with an 'adulterine' castle—for he built here without royal warrant, as he built his castles elsewhere at Bishop's Waltham and at Hursley,—and he sided alternately with Stephen and Empress Matilda in the civil war, as circumstances dictated. And so it befell that Winchester itself became divided into rival camps, for Matilda's forces held the Royal Castle and the Bishop held Wolvesey, and the poor citizens, betwixt anvil and hammer as it were, saw their houses burned, their city in ashes; churches, Nunna Mynstre, the newly erected Hyde Abbey, all were destroyed, all save the Cathedral and St. Swithun's Convent, and these escaped because Earl Robert of Gloucester, Matilda's champion, generously forbore reprisals. Valiantly the Bishop stood the siege of Wolvesey, notable chiefly because in the operations King David of Scotland and Robert of Gloucester aided Matilda



MIDDLE GATE, WINCHESTER COLLEGE

in person, till a counter attack drove off the besiegers. Ultimately peace was made, and Winchester saw Prince Henry make joyous entry into her ruined streets and ratify the compact. And then a few years later, when Prince Henry became Henry II., times changed for the Bishop: his castle-building and his harshness towards the monks of Hyde, whom he had always disliked, brought him into disgrace; his schemes had all failed, and he deemed it wise to retire into exile. But presently he too made his peace and returned, to occupy his remaining years in works of piety and beneficence. He enriched the Cathedral—the curious and rare black stone font with its quaint emblematical carvings was one of his gifts—and he was ultimately buried in it. It is not certain where, but the tomb in the chancel popularly known as Rufus's tomb may very likely be his.

Many years before he died he had commenced a work destined to bear more lasting fruit in Winchester history than any of the ambitious schemes which had all failed to mature—he built the Hospital of St. Cross, a permanent refuge for thirteen poor brethren, and a house of daily entertainment for the poor and needy outside its walls. He placed his foundation of St. Cross

under the protection of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, an Order specially devoted to guarding the welfare of pilgrims and wayfarers. And so the Brethren of St. Cross still wear to-day the eight-pointed cross of the Order and the black gown which distinguished the Knights Hospitallers, and the wayfarer's dole of bread and beer may still be asked for and obtained at its hospitable gates. Advancement, personal power, and political ascendancy, all these Bishop Henry desired for himself, strove for, won and lost in turn ; St. Cross retains its vitality still,—such is the perennial virtue of unselfish kindness and beneficence.

Though its fortifications were dismantled, Wolvesey remained the residence of the Bishops of Winchester for many centuries after Henry de Blois. Here, on March 28, 1394, in the presence chamber of Wolvesey, William of Wykeham received the warden, John Morys, and seventy scholars of his *Newe College of St. Marie*, and gave them his blessing as they set out in solemn procession to enter into occupation of their newly erected premises. In the Civil War, after Cromwell's capture of the city, the old Bishop's Castle was finally dismantled.

Present day Wolvesey Palace stands on your

left as you enter from College Street ; the Norman ruins and the old Tilt yard are in front of it and on your right. Bishop Morley, the friend of Ken and Izaak Walton, erected it. But Wolvesey and Farnham together proved too heavy an episcopal burden, and later bishops have preferred to reside at Farnham. So Wolvesey ceased to be the Bishop of Winchester's official residence, and the greater part of Morley's building was pulled down by Bishop North at the end of the eighteenth century. The growing need for the division of the diocese makes it quite possible, however, that the Bishops of Winchester may again be residing in Wolvesey Palace as their predecessors did for so many hundreds of years.

Wykeham's College, 'the Newe Sainte Marie College of Wynchester, is but a stones throw from Wolvesey, and a wonderful place it is too. Beside Wolvesey with its thousand years of memory, 'Sainte Marie College' with its mere five hundred odd seems but youthful, yet it is in a certain sense the oldest, as it is in the truest sense the 'mother,' of English public schools. Not that schools were a new idea in Wykeham's day, far from it. There are schools still standing, such as the King's School at Canterbury and

St. Peter's at York, whose connected history goes back much farther. But Wykeham erected a school on new lines, making it an independent foundation instead of being, as the earlier grammar schools had been, mere appendages or dependencies upon monastic or collegiate institutions. Thus the public school as an independent, self-governing foundation came into being, and with it the idea of regulation of internal discipline largely by the boys themselves, which has been among the most fruitful influences by which public schools have influenced the development of character, as apart from merely intellectual training, in the youth of the nation. Thus Wykeham's motto, *Manners makyth man*—if it actually was Wykeham's—bore in it already the germ of the future greatness, for it was not one good quality merely that Wykeham sought to develop in his scholars, but the foundation of all. Manners, the old Latin *mores*, the 'conversation' of St. Paul in his epistles, is perhaps most closely rendered in modern phrase by the word 'character.'

"Manners makyth man." One is tempted to wonder if more may not here be meant than meets the ear, and whether 'manners,' in its Latin equivalent *mores*, does not wrap up a punning

allusion, after the method dear to that age, to Warden Morys, to whose hands, on the erection of the building, Wykeham first committed the future of his great college.

Besides a warden and seventy scholars, Wykeham's original foundation included a master and usher, ten fellows, and a staff of chaplains, choristers, and chapel clerks. The scholars received their education free, but later on fee-paying boys were admitted as *commensales* or 'commoners,' practically as the Headmaster's private boarders. Dr. Burton, headmaster 1724 to 1766, built 'Commoners' for their accommodation, on a site which had been occupied years before by the *Sustern Spital*, a convent of nursing sisters. Now 'Commoners,' old and new alike, are gone, and their place is taken by 'Tutors' Houses. The scholars, who still wear a semi-mediaeval dress, reminiscent of earlier days, reside in college, as they have done from the first, under charge of the second master.

Entering through the delightful old Outer Gateway, with College Brew House on your right, and then under 'Middle Gate' into 'Chamber Court,' one is transported back immediately into mediaevalism. There over Middle Gate is the figure of 'Sainte Marie,' and scholars as they

cross the quad doff their hats still in reverence to the Virgin as they have done from the beginning. Immediately opposite you are Chapel and Hall: Chapel, with Fromond's Chantry and the beautiful cloisters behind it, those cloisters which the Founder himself seems almost to pervade and to spiritualize with his presence, is a place to wander in and dream dreams of the past; Hall, approached as befits its dignity up a grand old stairway, is rarely impressive, with its magnificent open timber roof and carved wainscot, and the Founder's portrait dominating the high table on the dais at the far end. In the lobby adjoining the kitchen they will show you the 'Trusty Servant,' the quaint old painting emblematic of loyal and devoted service. The riddle is explained in a copy of verses attached, and the absence of any reference to expectation of reward on behalf of the 'Trusty Sweater' is at least as suggestive as his loyalty and humble demeanour.

Most appealing perhaps after Hall, possibly more even than cloisters, is 'Seventh Chamber,' Wykeham's original school-room, or part of it at least, now used as a common study for senior college 'men,' and a veritable museum of interesting objects of old Wykehamical life. Not the least alluring

feature of all these college *penates* is the rich flavour and vigour of college phraseology—Moab, the boys' washing-place in earlier days ("Moab is my washpot"), is a delicious example of this. College phraseology is a subject almost worthy of separate treatment by itself.

Seventh Chamber passage leads you to 'School,' the seventeenth century school-room built by Warden Nicholas. Here you may see the 'thrones,' or official seats in earlier days of headmaster and usher, and the world-famous Winchester emblem on the walls

Aut disce
Aut discede
Manet Sors tertia—caedi,

freely rendered, in modern 'College English.'

Learn, or leave, or stay and be licked.

Beyond is 'Meads,' where 'Domum' is yearly held, and beyond, again, 'New Meads,' with glimpses of 'Hills' beyond—St. Catherine's Hill, where Winchester boys in earlier days repaired for recreation on 'remedies' or holidays, the joys of which may be read in full in Bompas's delightful *Life of Frank Buckland*.

Winchester College is a place to linger in. Its

great men, wardens, headmasters, alumni, their memories piously preserved and commemorated by portrait, tablet, or building, as, for instance, the Memorial Gateway erected as a memorial of the Old Wykehamists who fell in the South African War, we must reluctantly pass by. But more striking than the past, the old-world associations, the noble traditions nobly preserved, is its vitality in the present. 'Sainte Marie College' has always known how to adapt herself successfully as age succeeded age to the requirements of the day, and has paid the truest respect to the wishes of her great founder in never allowing herself to grow old. There is no frost, mingled with the kindliness of age, in Winchester College.

College Street has one other memory besides that of Wykeham—Jane Austen. A tablet over the door of one of the houses adjoining College recalls the fact of Jane Austen's death within its walls in 1817. She had removed here from her home at Chawton, near Alton, in hope of recovery under the medical treatment which Winchester could afford her. But the hope was vain. She lies buried in the north aisle of the Cathedral nave. We know her now as among the rarest and most charming of woman novelists. The flat stone over



ST. CATHERINE'S HILL, WINCHESTER

her grave speaks of her qualities of mind, but otherwise passes in silence over her claims as an authoress.

Some half mile or so south of College, beyond New Meads and the meadows by the river—those meadows from which the tower and pinnacles of College Chapel form so poetic a picture as they mingle with the trees around, and the Cathedral behind—lies St. Cross. Of its foundation by Henry of Blois we have already spoken, but in its associations another historic name figures, of equal prominence with Bishop Henry's—that of Beaufort, Bishop and Cardinal in Henry VI.'s reign. Beaufort was a second founder, and the domestic buildings and the fine gateway are his work. Along with the Brethren with black gown and silver cross will be seen some wearing a mulberry gown, with the Beaufort Rose as emblem; these are Brethren of the order Beaufort founded—the Order of Noble Poverty. St. Cross is not a place to describe at all in words; to understand it it must be felt. Peaceful and dignified, with the clear transparent waters of Itchen flowing quietly by at its feet, there is no place in Winchester, or indeed anywhere else, where the sense of hallowed charm, of serenity, of contentment, and

of rest seems quite so natural and so pervading as here.

Wherever else we turn in Winchester we find some treasure or other over which to linger. On the high ground forming the south-west angle of the city there is the County Hall, last surviving relic of the great royal castle, which William of Normandy first erected and which his successors added to. The present Castle Hall was erected by a Winchester monarch—Henry III., Henry of Winchester. Here again the sense of the historic past swells and surges round you. The grand interior with its splendid columns speaks of great assemblies within its walls—of Parliaments such as the one held here as early as 1265, within a year of the death of the great De Montfort, the ‘inventor,’ so to speak, of the representative assembly—of State visits such as that which the great Emperor Charles V. paid to Henry VIII.—of State Trials such as that which unjustly condemned Sir Walter Raleigh—of the Bloody Assize and the horror of the judicial murder of Dame Alicia Lisle, while the most characteristic touch perhaps of all is given by the quaint relic hanging on the western wall, the so-called King Arthur’s Round Table. A curious relic indeed this latter,

and an ancient one, possibly 700 years old. We shall hardly accept it, as Henry VIII. and his royal Spanish guest did, as the actual table at which King Arthur and his knights used to seat themselves, even though we may read their names—Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahallt, Sir Bedivere, Sir Kay—inscribed upon its margin. Rather does it recall to us those quaintly attractive, uncritical mediæval days, when historical perspective was unknown, that glorious age when ‘Once upon a time’ almost satisfied the yearnings of the historical instinct. Yet one may question whether we are really better off because for us King Arthur’s Round Table has no existence and Arthur himself is lost in the strange background of

Moving faces and of waving hands,

that weird labyrinth where history and legend, myth and romance are so strangely and inextricably interwoven; and one turns away baffled and reluctant from many and many an old-world story, and many and many an old-world relic such as this, with the sense of something like a lost inheritance.

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

There is, however, little real excuse for these

unavailing regrets in Winchester, for she above all places has store of real history.

Here, for instance, in the West Gate adjoining the Castle Hall, and in the Obelisk just beyond the circuit of the old walls, this history meets us again. Formerly the West Gate was a blockhouse as much as a gate. Later on it was a prison. Now it is a museum with a collection of rare local interest. But strong for defence as the West Gate and city wall were, the Obelisk beyond recalls to us one foe whom no bar could exclude, no bolt restrain; for though in 1666 Winchester was straitly shut up like Jericho of old, and none went out and none came in, that grim and relentless assailant, the Plague, passed all barriers unchallenged, and Winchester became as a city of the dead. The ungainly Obelisk, erected close by in 1759, is a not unfitting reminder of these tragic days.

Full of interest as the West Gate is, it leaves a sense of regret behind when we remember that it is the only one remaining of the four principal gateways which the city once possessed. The artificial and curiously warped ideas of taste and sentiment which characterised the mid-Georgian period were responsible for a wholesale destruction

of Old Winchester architectural treasures. Three historic gateways, the ruins of Hyde Abbey, the tomb of Alfred the Great, Bishop Morley's Palace of Wolvesey, all these and others suffered destruction, partial or complete. The City Cross itself was condemned to removal, but popular indignation, always ready to express itself in Winchester as vigorously now as it was in earlier days of Saxon and Dane, could not be restrained, and the City Cross was left undisturbed. Nor did the West Gate escape except by accident. The great room over the gateway was at that time held as an annexe to a public-house adjoining, and so the West Gate was spared merely in order that Winchester citizens might the better enjoy their 'cakes and ale.' History teaches us to be grateful at times to strange benefactors; here in Winchester we are confronted by the curious paradox, that while water has sapped the stability of the Cathedral, that of the West Gate has been secured by beer.

Municipal life in Winchester forms another chapter full of interest. Her early 'gilds' date back to days before Alfred; her roll of mayors claims to begin with Florence de Lunn in 1184. Whatever antiquity the Mayoralty can justly claim—for Florence de Lunn can hardly be treated

very seriously—her corporate history is full and varied.

The new Guildhall in the Broadway, some thirty years old only, which has replaced the old Guildhall in the High Street, possesses an interesting collection of civic portraits, along with corporation plate, municipal archives, and much wealth of historic raw material. The finest of these pictures is King Charles II.'s portrait, painted by Lely, and presented by the Merry Monarch himself to the city. Another interesting portrait is that of Edward Cole, Mayor in 1587, a patriotic citizen who himself subscribed £50—a large sum for one man in those days—towards the Queen's war fund in days of the Armada, and a gubernator some years later of Christes Hospitall, Winchester, founded by Peter Symonds in 1607, out of which the big modern School of Peter Symonds has grown.

Such are some of the matters of interest, small and great, which meet you wherever you turn in Winchester—everywhere there is some *genius loci*, some cricket installed, and chirping on the hearth. Here it is a quaint tavern-sign such as you can read on the outskirts. As you leave the city you read the legend "Last Out," as you approach from without you read "First In." Or



it is a name of some street—Jewry Street, for instance, recalling the times when the Jews had a real ‘Ghetto’ here ; or Staple Garden, reminiscent of the great Hall where the Wool Staple and the great ‘Tron’ were kept, when Winchester was the mart for the wool trade of the south of England. There are glorious old houses, too, Tudor and mediæval, like God Begot House and the so-called Cheesehill Old Rectory, and the delightful houses erected by Sir Christopher Wren himself—those inhabited now by Dr. England and Captain Crawford in Southgate Street, for instance, and the house in St. Peter’s Street erected for the Duchess of Portsmouth, of unpleasant memory. These are merely random examples of the kind of interest which Winchester presents to those who wander through her streets with eyes to see and ears to hear. For the casual visitor Winchester has much to offer, for the student of history she has more ; but her wealth of treasure can only be apprehended adequately by those who are privileged to dwell within her charmed circle, and can bring extended opportunity as well as love and reverence to the task.

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